

DEAR CHILDREN AND YOUTH:—

We here present you with the first number of the "YOUTH'S CASKET." We have taken great pains to make it acceptable to you. Do you think we have succeeded? There are few periodicals published especially for children and youth, but those few, so far as we are acquainted with them, are excellent. We hope you will think the Casket deserving of a place by their side on your tables.

We frankly confess that, in part, we labor that we may obtain money; but in return for the money which you send us

we shall exert ourselves to do you good, and to repay you with that which will be really of more value to you than that which you part with.

To you, dear children and youth, for your amusement and instruction, we dedicate the Casket; and to you we shall look for our most valued encouragement. Ever anxious to secure your approbation, we shall do our utmost to accord with all of those tastes and aspirations of yours which we believe to be most natural and proper. We can truly say that we love the young folks of our great and happy land; and at the same time that our highest wish is to see them improve in mind and heart, our next highest pleasure will be to see them pleased and happy; and that you may be both instructed and entertained, the Casket will present you, we trust, with a pleasant variety of historical, scientific, and philosophical information, and with equally as pleasant a variety of tales, and articles relating to sports, pastimes, &c., all which we hope will be quite to your taste. Besides all this, the Casket will salute your eyes with ever so many pictures; and we shall try to make them pretty too, very pretty, for we know that young folks are especially fond of such. Now if we fulfill these encouragements will you not help us along? We trust you will.

Dear young friends—you are now in the morning of life; may the Casket be as a pleasant cloud floating in its pure atmosphere; and as that morning shall rise into the glorious fulness of noon-time, and that again descend to the serene and heavenly quietness of evening, may the cloud of the morning become as it were a gem most sweetly peering through a teeming multitude of early recollections.

THE YOUTH'S CASKET,

AN

Illustrated Magazine for Children.

The One Talent.



FAR away, in a quiet valley, such as a pretty village delights to nestle in, and not far from where just such a village was making itself quite cozy, once dwelt a poor family by the name of Axley, in which a son was born who was called CHARLES, and he it is of whom I am going to write.

He was an only son, but had one sister, three years older than he, whose name was Jane. Through infancy he was so feeble that he was a constant source of anxiety to his parents, but was of so gentle a disposition, even in the midst of his deepest sorrows, that no one ever

thought of grudging him the attention his wants seemed to require; and well might not, for you could almost have fancied that he felt grieved himself on account of the trouble he caused; though it could hardly be called trouble, it was so cheerfully endured. Pity and love were the uppermost feelings of every heart that drew nigh to little Charley.

As he became older he also became in a measure stronger, yet three years left him far behind most children of his age in health and robustness; still, he was always cheerful, and seemed ever to grow in sweetness of disposition.

Four years had almost passed away ere he was strong enough to go much abroad, and then he began to extend his little excursions in all directions, constantly attended by his sister Jenny, as he used to call her. And pleasant it was to see them, each bright sunny day, strolling out, hand in hand, with such affectionate devotion. Wherever they went they were sure of a welcome. Ah! how loving and gentle were they both. And they were so neat and tidy too, albeit they were not dressed in silks and velvets; for you must know that Mrs. Axley never for a moment imagined that poverty was a good excuse

for dragging about, dirty and slovenly. Not a housewife in all the valley was more particular to keep her family clothing well mended and clean; or who kept her floors whiter; or her crockery and furniture, such as they were, brighter or more nicely arranged. In truth she was one of a thousand, abounding in every Christian and womanly virtue.

But we are losing sight of Charles and Jenny, whom we left roaming hand in hand, tidy and loving, wherever inclination prompted. Now sporting beside the clear streams that coursed, in glimmering curves, far down the valley; and now wandering among the deep groves that clothed the hill-sides, and whence, from many an opening glade, they could look far over the valley, and the village that rested in its bosom, and even here and there pierce beyond its distant limits into a world which their childish imaginations clothed in all the hues of paradise. "Ah! what is beyond," thought they. Perhaps it were well they could not see what was beyond.

Thus would this loving couple while away many a pleasant hour; and as oft as they returned from their wanderings, their hands loaded with wild-flowers and their faces beaming with happiness, you might easily see that no unkind word had cast its shadow upon their hearts, but that all had gone "as merry as a marriage-bell." And happy as they were themselves they had no desire to mar the happiness of others; for listen a moment, as, tripping along among the underbush and flowers of a bright morning in early June, they are chattering away of this and of that in all the glee of healthy excitement.

"O! isn't it so sweet, to hear the pretty birds," says Charley to Jenny, "I wish I had one."

"Let's catch one," said Jenny, half forgetting herself.

"Why could we, Jenny?" answered he, fairly jumping at the thought.

"I guess it would be pretty hard work, Charley."

"But we could any how, if we had wings, couldn't we?"

"Why yes, I guess so, that is if we could fly swift enough. But would you really like to have one if you could?" said Jenny, questioning a little closer.

"O yes, I would! But Jenny, if I had one in my hand would it be as happy as they are in the air and trees?"

"No, Charley, I don't think it would, it would be so frightened."

"Well then I don't want one!" said he, in a decisive tone; "it would be too bad to scare such pretty birds, wouldn't it Jenny. No I don't want one!" And Jenny felt so, too.

During the summer of his sixth year Charley first found himself fairly seated as a scholar in the district school; for hitherto his parents had thought it best he should remain at home, and very likely they were right, especially as his mother had spared no diligence in his instruction. Already he had learned his letters, and could spell most words of two or three syllables. And what was far better than all this, from the first his mother had taken great pains to instil into his mind principles of truth and holiness. Daily were her prayers offered up for and with him; and so soon as he could speak, she had taught him to repeat "Our Father who art in Heaven." At school he was

obedient and studious. By the time the Summer was closed he was able to read in his Testament. Among the scholars he was always pleasant, and always anxious to make others as pleasant as he. Never was he guilty of so much as an angry word; and not a scholar but was happier when he was in their midst.

At the Sabbath School also, Charley — and Jenny too, for they were inseparable — was a constant attendant, and he loved the Sabbath School better than any other place. He was uniformly there and in his seat among the earliest and ever attentive to the instructions of his teacher, and so of course, eager as he was to learn, he never left the school-room without being farther advanced in Scripture knowledge than he was when he entered. He loved his Bible, and endeavored to obey its teachings. This was one great reason why he was so gentle in his disposition.

Well, time passed on: casting many a flower in the bright pathway of Charley's life, until he got to be eight years along; when, one evening after a day of extreme heat, he and Jenny sat outside the door, enjoying themselves as ever, and were in the midst of their enjoyment, when it was abruptly broken off by a warning from their mother that a storm was approaching.

And sure enough there was. In fact it had been thundering for some time, distant and low, but so absorbed were they in their chatting and singing, they had not noticed it. Already a great cloud was rushing up in massive blackness from the west; and it was not long before, driven on by a fierce wind, it had overspread the entire firmament, accompanied by dazzling flashes of lightning and almost deaf-

ening peals of thunder, and such torrents of rain that one would have thought the windows of Heaven were indeed opened. Charles and Jenny had retreated to the house for shelter, and Charles stood by the window gazing into the darkness and storm without, peal after peal making the whole house tremble by their violence, when, just as an unusual flash of lightning filled the room with its sudden glare, a sharp cry of anguish broke from his lips and pierced like a burning arrow to his mother's and sister's heart.

"Why, Charles, what is the matter?" exclaimed both, springing towards him, and meeting him half way as he fell into their arms. "What is the matter?"

"O! mother! mother! I can't see! I am blind! O, how my eyes do ache! Mother! Mother!"

As soon as possible a lamp was brought, but he could not see. His eyes were swimming in the tears which gushed from them in the intenseness of their pain. His mother could only try such simple remedies as were at hand, and await the arrival of a physician, who was immediately sent for, and soon came; and as he examined the eyes of Charles, how earnestly did Mrs. Axley and Jenny watch his countenance, eager to catch from its expression, or his words, one ray of hope for their dear Charley; but alas! they got no hope from either.

Indeed, Charles Axley was blind. From that hour he was never to see again. His mother's feelings you may easily imagine. Jenny wept and sobbed as though her heart would break, she loved him so dearly. Alas! poor Charley.

In our next number we shall tell you more about Charley.



The Butcher Bird.

THE character and disposition of this bird is plainly visible in his countenance, and in all his movements.

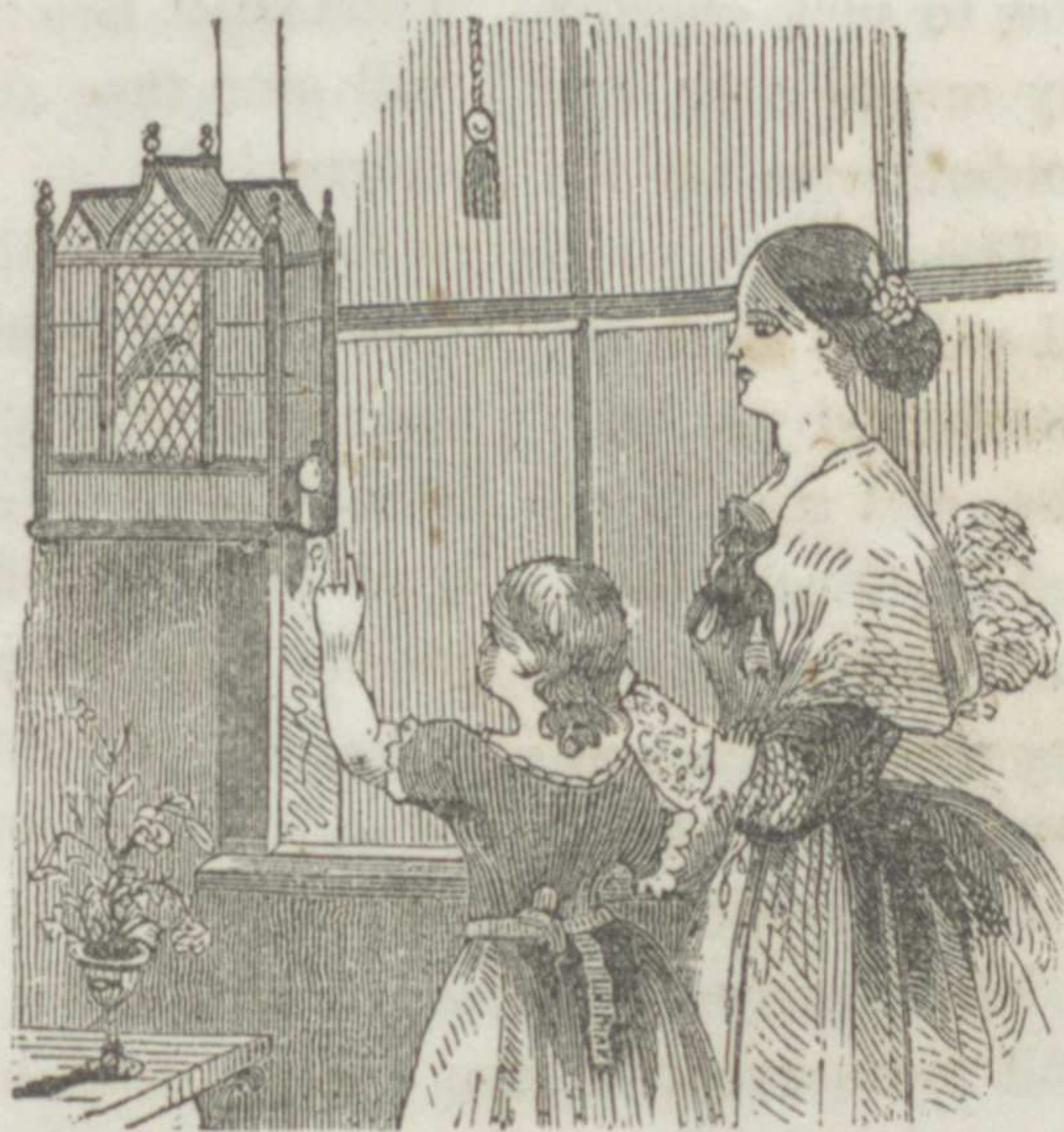
He is the most courageous, fierce, and cruel bird of his size, carrying on a constant warfare and butchery among the smaller birds, and the whole insect tribe. A propensity in which he seems to indulge more for sport or pleasure, than to satisfy hunger. We have seen him spend hours together in catching grasshoppers and beetles, sticking them upon thorns, and leaving them to wither in the sun.

Our first acquaintance with the Butcher Bird, was in the early part of December 1847, directly after a heavy fall of snow. We stood watching a Titmouse that was busily engaged in picking among the branches of a tree. He approached so close that we could have reached him with a common walking stick, when a movement on our part caused him to take wing for a neighboring tree some few rods distant. He immediately returned, pursued by what we afterward learned to be the Butcher Bird, and

passed within a foot of our head. They made a few circular motions through the air, when the Titmouse received a blow from the powerful beak of his pursuer and fell, but was instantly seized upon by the Butcher Bird, who, after munching his throat in order to make sure work of him, deliberately tore out his entrails, and devoured them, in the manner represented in the above engraving.

This bird is by no means numerous in this state; and is seldom seen in summer, as he retires to the most mountainous regions to breed, but on the approach of cold weather, descends to the more cultivated parts of the country, and at times takes up his winter quarters in the midst of our villages, where we first became acquainted with him.

It builds a large and compact nest, in the upright fork of a small tree, composed outwardly of dry grass and lined with feathers. The female lays six eggs of grayish white, thickly marked at the great end with spots and streaks of reddish brown. She sets fifteen days. The young are produced early in June.



Little Hedwig and her Canary.

FROM THE GERMAN, FOR THE CASKET.

A LITTLE girl owned a Canary bird, which was very neat and pretty. He had most beautiful yellow feathers, and bright black eyes, and sang very sweetly, yes, almost as sweet as a nightingale. Hedwig, that was the little girl's name, to whom he belonged, sat all day long, close by the handsome gilded cage, and looked at him, as he hopped up and down, and ate and drank. Sometimes she would open the door of the cage, and then the bird would fly upon her head, perch upon her hand, and pick at her fingers. Yes, he knew Hedwig well, and also knew that she loved him better than any one else in the house, and when she spoke to him, he always answered. Although it was in his bird language, which she did not understand, still he answered.

"If I could only know," said Hedwig, "what the little fellow is speaking about. Dear mamma, they wish me to learn French, which is so difficult, and sounds

so odd. Would it not be better that I should learn the bird's language, so that I may be able to talk to the little pet?"

But her mother shook her head and said, "Their language can be learned by nobody; it is only understood by God, and by the birds themselves."

Then Hedwig became sad. "Ah! little bird," said she, "I shall never know what you are saying to me." But the little bird hopped about joyfully, and looked at her as though he was about to say: "Aye! but we understand each other anyhow."

It was summer, and the bird's cage stood near the window. The little grey sparrows came and paid him a visit very often, and then there was such a chirping that little Hedwig would almost have given her life to understand it. It was during a warm afternoon, the sun throwing his bright rays upon the earth, that little Hedwig's sleepy head nodded over the stocking which she was knitting, and finally it dropped down upon the window sill, and she slumbered soundly. She had not slept long, when she distinctly heard her little bird chattering to her, chippering close to her ear in its bird language, which sounded so plain that Hedwig distinctly understood the words, "Dost thou understand me?"

"Yes, little bird, I understand you."

"Hedwig, I love thee."

"I love you also, my little pet."

"Would'st thou like to travel with me?"

"Where to, little bird?"

"Into my native country, where it is far more beautiful than it is here. I can fly there as quick as the wind."

"But how shall I go with you?" asked Hedwig.

"I shall carry thee," said the bird, and lo! little Hedwig suddenly became as small as a thimble, and sat on her favorite's yellow wings. He extended them, and away they both flew over the rose-bush—far—far away into the blue sky. How finely she was carried along, on the soft yellow wings, the air blew around her cheeks so fresh. How small the flowers looked in the garden, and the trees seemed no larger than bushes.

"We must fly to the cherry tree," said the bird, "and bid good bye to the grey sparrows," and in a few moments they were there. They sat among the large dark red cherries, where the sparrows were engaged in eating. His wife, Mrs. Sparrow, was there also, and his six children, the little sparrows, were all there, sitting down to a fine dinner of cherries.

"Good day Mr. Canary" said Mr. Sparrow, "whither bound?"

"I am going to my native home; the happy islands, far, far beyond the big ocean."

"O!" said Mr. Sparrow, "thou art going and I shall never again visit thee in the golden cage, never eat hemp and oats with thee, and never hear thy songs again," and he began to twitter in grief, and his six little sparrows twittered with him, until they would almost have moved a stone to compassion.

"Be not sad, Mr. Sparrow," said Canary, "I shall come back, O I shall come back. Do you see this pretty little girl upon my back? She will travel with me, and if I become a king in my country she shall become queen. But before that happens I will come back and get thee, my little sparrow, for thou shalt become my prime minister, for thou dost so well understand

how to pick cherries. Thou shalt live in my orange tree, and I will give thee six golden nests for thy children."

The sparrow nodded its head and said: "I will go with thee as far as the birch woods, and my little young ones shall go also, and sing to the little girl."

The Canary bird nodded and flew off, and the grey sparrows followed him, chirping with all their might; but at the birch woods, they took leave of each other and the Canary bird continued his journey.

Now the scenery became beautiful; and still more beautiful, the village, with the large church, glittered in the distance like a small white point. Then came mountains, seas, fields, and rivers which looked like silver threads, and above all of these the little girl and her Canary flew through the air. Sometimes, when passing by, a gnat would accost them with a "Good day," or a fly would buzz "whither away Canary bird?" but he would scarcely answer them, and flew on farther and farther. Sometimes they would rest on a tree-top, or on the spire of a church-steeple; but that was for a moment only. Now they flew over high mountains, higher than the clouds, which glittered with silver and rosy light, and, when they came nearer them, they saw it was only snow which covered them, although it was in the middle of summer. Between them there were valleys green and lovely, and they could hear the soft notes of the shepherd's horn. They afterward saw a country beneath them, which was blooming with roses and oranges.

"Here it is beautiful, let us remain here," said Hedwig. "No, not here," said the bird. "Hold on, for now comes the ocean, and we will have to pass over it.

Hedwig became frightened and laid herself still more close under the bird's



wing. But finally she looked down and lo! beneath her was the sea; blue, and as expansive as the

sky; nothing to see but wave after wave; nothing but the blue glittering water, in which the sun with all its rays mirrored itself splendidly.

How blue was the sky above, how blue the sea below; but the upper arch was still, while the sea was tossing in eternal motion. "Good day," whispered the fishes, as they leaped with their red fins out of the silver foam of the sea. "Good day. Art thou back again yellow bird?"

"Welcome to the land of the sun," sang the white sea-bird; and as the fleecy white clouds passed them, they exclaimed: "we come from the west, everything is ready on the island, all the birds are waiting for thee."

And now the bird began to sing in such a beautiful yet mournful manner, that the rocks on the shore nodded, and the trees moved their branches. But Hedwig and her bird flew past, and again nothing was beneath them but the wide ocean. They sailed over it for a long time, until all at once, orange odors floated around them, and they saw in the distance, the blue peak of a mountain. Hedwig felt how high her pet's breast was beating, when he began to sing again so gay and joyously that the waves danced, and the

fishes sprang high into the rays of the sun. But what did Hedwig now see? Green, beautiful, and balmy islands rose out of the sea, decked with forests, mountains, flowers and springs. The sight was so splendid that its beauty cannot be imagined. From the islands, resounded the magnificent songs of many thousand Canary birds. Suddenly the air became yellow with them; and when they approached, they found it was the Canary birds which had come to meet them.

"Welcome, welcome, thou son of a king," cried they, taking Hedwig's favorite in the midst of them, and flew strait into the largest of the islands. There arose a palace of white marble, and thousands of bowers of oranges, roses, and jessamines. And now a most wonderful thing happened. All at once the Canary birds, were transformed into tiny men with yellow wings, of such remarkable beauty and form, that they could sit in every flower. They wore garments composed of yellow feathers, and hopped to and fro in the splendid gardens, singing with joy.

"Come to my mother," said the bird, and they went to the marble palace, which was all overhung with roses. There sat his mother, with a golden crown on her head; the most beautiful of women. She kissed Hedwig's favorite, and behold! he became a beautiful prince. He ascended a throne made of a morning-glory, and all the birds sang allegiance to him, and proclaimed that he was now their king. Hedwig was almost afraid of all this splendor, and thought: "alas! what shall I a poor little girl do, amidst all this magnificence?" Then the beautiful prince took her by the hand and said:

"Fear not, I am the King and thou art the Queen. But thou must do a good deal yet for me; for I shall never be allowed to remain here and be a King, if thou dost not open the cage and let me out, as soon as we go home. After that we will fly here, and live in constant joy and happiness."

"Alas! that will not do," said Hedwig, "I am a human being, not a Canary bird, I cannot fly, and if I did not eat more than you do, I would soon starve to death."

"Well," said he, "if that will not do, I will become a man and will always remain with thee, for without thee I cannot live, but we will first see whether God will not permit thee to become a bird also."

When he had thus spoken, the sun went down, and all Canary men became birds again.

"Farewell!" said he, and flew up and away, the birds following him singing: "*Au revoir* son of a King, be sure and liberate him, dear Queen."

It had now become dark on the ocean; but the stars still shone. The bird sang again, when they flew over Africa and Europe, and then flew faster and faster, over fields and mountains, until they at length safely arrived in the garden, under the cherry tree near the window. Now the bird again flew into his cage, and Hedwig opened her eyes, and saw her bird sitting in the cage, and the gray sparrows near it, twittering until it was a perfect joy to hear them.

Hedwig rubbed her eyes, and was almost sure she had not dreamed, but had actually performed a great journey.

Her pet looked so cunningly and entreatingly at her, that she could not doubt but that she had been with him,

to see his mother the Queen, on the islands.

"I know what you wish," said she, "you want me to open the cage, that you may fly off, and assume your throne. Do not stay long, but return soon and take me with you;" thus saying she opened the door of the cage, and away flew her bird, with the sparrows, over the cherry tree, until they were out of sight.

"What are you thinking about? you have allowed the bird to fly away," said her mother.

But Hedwig smiled complacently, and said to herself: "If you only knew what I do." She waited many days for the bird to come back; but he did not return, and Hedwig grew sad.

"Surely he has forgotten me, amidst the splendor of his island."

She stood one day in this sad mood before the deserted cage, when her aunt entered the room and said: "Hedwig, God has given you a little brother; come and look at him." Hedwig followed her, full of joy, and she saw a pretty little fellow, lying in the cradle, looking at her with his little black eyes so wonderingly and cunningly that she kissed him, and regained her spirits; for now she thought she knew, what no one else knew, that her little brother was none other than her own dear Canary, and that he had now become a little man, because God did not wish that Hedwig should become a bird. O! now Hedwig was glad indeed, and never cried again. Her little brother grew up, and soon she was able to talk with him much better than with the Canary bird. But the best of all was, that he had no wings, and so could not fly away, but always remained with her.



The Burning Village.



A GREAT many years ago this whole country was inhabited by Indians. Where we now see so many towns, and villages and cities, so many pleasant farms and farm houses, there were nothing but forest trees and a few rude huts, which were occupied by a savage people who, lived by hunting, and who being almost constantly engaged in war, were very fierce and cruel. All over this state were these villages, and it is but a few years since they disappeared from the borders of our own city. You see the picture on the top of this page, don't you? You see buildings in flames, and women and children running from them as though they were very much frightened. Well I will tell you what it is all about. About eighty years ago, when your grandfathers were boys, if you have any that are quite old, the people of this country were oppressed by Eng-

land. So many and so great were their grievances that they determined not to submit to them, but to attempt to gain their liberty, and be free to establish a government, and make laws for themselves. The British called them rebels, and sent large armies over the ocean, to conquer them and make them do whatever they saw fit. But our ancestors were not the men to be frightened; so they took up arms too, and raised armies and there was a great deal of fighting.

To help them, the British hired the cruel Savages whom I have told you about, above. A large number came over from Canada and marched through the wilderness, and attacked many villages, settlements, and other places in the valley of the Mohawk, which now is one of the richest and most populous parts of the state. The picture represents the destruction of the village of Cherry Valley, now in Otsego County. The people were all asleep, for it was early in the morning, not dreaming that an enemy was nigh. But they were soon aroused

by the horrid yells of the Indians, and the shrieks and screams of men women and children, who were being murdered by the savages, were heard in every direction. They had set fire to the houses, and the whole village was soon in flames. All the houses were burned, and the people who were not killed or taken prisoners, were compelled to flee into the forests to save their lives. Those who were kept alive as captives, were carried through the wilderness to Canada, where the head quarters of the British were.

What a great change has taken place since that time. Where Buffalo now is, these savages had their homes. Their villages were all around in this vicinity, and down the Niagara River, about thirty miles, there was a fort, where they fitted out expeditions against the Americans. But now all is changed. The Indians are gone. Civilization, and the arts of peace have taken their places, and the cities of the white man occupy the ground where stood their miserable huts. The foe once so dreaded by our fathers has dwindled away, and what remains of the powerful tribes that once occupied our state, are a peaceable, harmless people. Some of them are down at the Tonawanta and the Tuscarora reservations, and others are in Cattaraugus and Alleghany, while a few have gone to the far west. But they will burn our villages no more, nor will they murder women and children, as I told you they did, in the short story I have related to you.

Many of them have become good christians, and they have churches and schools, like the white people. E. E. B.

Be mindful of the sufferings of the poor.

The Gentle Boy that died so Young

INSCRIBED TO MRS. M. W. DAYTON, BY J. CLEMENT.

AND he is gone, the little boy
Of flaxen locks and light blue eye!
His parents' budding hope and joy,
They early saw him droop and die.
So sweet, so winsome were his ways,
A charm was round his presence flung!
All radiant were his few glad days,—
The gentle boy that died so young.

His timid nature could not brook
The rougher sports of ruder boys;
He, wildest haunts of mirth forsook,
And sought in quiet scenes his joys.
O long will be the night of grief
To many a heart with anguish rung
For him, whose days were all too brief—
The gentle boy that died so young.

Lizzie's Request.

PAPA!" said Lizzie White, one evening as her father sat absorbed in the reading of "Moore's Rural New Yorker," which he had just taken from the Post Office. But she got no answer.

"Papa!" repeated she, a little louder. Still, he seemed not to hear. In fact he had rather not hear, for, though one of the kindest of men, and ever ready to do any thing that was proper, for the happiness of his children, still, the Rural New Yorker was so precious a sheet to him that he never liked to be spoken to until he had read it through, almost advertisements and all.

"Papa!" said Lizzie, a third time, growing not a little impatient.

"Well, well, what now?" answered he, rather sharply, "havn't I told you, often, not to disturb me while reading?" "What do you want?"

"Nothing now, father," said she, in a subdued tone, "I can wait." Lizzie saw at once that she was in the wrong, and so she went away, and though in a measure disappointed, sat down, quite cheerful, to her patchwork. And it would have done your eyes good to have seen how tastefully her pieces were arranged, how prettily the colors matched and contrasted with each other, and with what skill the figures were fashioned and set. To be sure Lizzie could not fairly claim the whole credit of the matter, for her mother had taken great pains to guide her in the selection and arrangement of her pieces, and was very particular to impress upon her mind the nonsense of putting things together hap-hazard. She told Lizzie that there were certain laws of taste in such things which she must try and find out and work in accordance with, or else, however showy and dazzling her work might appear to most, those whose opinion was of the greatest worth would see nothing but a ridiculous mess of jumble. And Lizzie White was by no means slow to learn.

After a while Mr. White finished the reading of his paper, and with a seeming satisfaction, as though particularly well pleased with that last number, or with its editor, or with himself, he drew his favorite big armed chair round to the stove, and seating himself comfortably, called Lizzie to him, and began:

"Well, Lizzie, what did you wish to say to papa?"

"Why, I was only thinking that I would

like to ask — if — that is if you would be willing — if" — here the words very mischievously crowded themselves together in her throat, so she stopped to collect courage and breath.

"Ha! ha! certainly I am willing, if — why shouldn't I be," said he in a humorous mood, for the happyfying influence of the paper had not quite passed off "and what next?"

"Why papa! you naughty man you, that wasn't what I was going to say at all," said Lizzie, with a sort of jesting severity.

"O, ho! then you said that which you had no idea of saying, eh? Indeed! Well I am sure I ought to feel quite proud of a daughter who has intelligence enough to say that which she was not going to say." Mr. White loved to hector, just a little, now and then.

"O papa! you know I was going to ask, only you stopped me, if you wouldn't let Charles and I subscribe for a little paper for children.

"Subscribe for a little what?" said Mr. White in apparent surprise. But he wasn't so much surprised, after all.

"Why a little paper, such as they print for children. Now won't you? Do say yes."

"What in the world is coming next, I should like to know. What can little children want of a paper? Children have nothing to do with politics, and papers are made to tell folks about politics." He knew well enough, though, that he was hiding the truth — a little.

"Ah papa! I have heard you say the Rural New Yorker told all about gardening and farming, and I have heard you say too, over and over, that you would

rather have it than all the political papers in the land."

"Well, to be sure, I do think pretty well of it,"—he saw Lizzie was a little too sharp for him that time—"but then it is agricultural, and children certainly have nothing to do with agriculture."

"Yes, papa, but then it tells about other things besides agriculture, and I don't see but you are as well pleased with those things as you are when it tells about digging potatoes, and such dirty work. And besides," continued Lizzie, getting more engaged, "I think it is no more than fair that we little folks should have papers to tell us about *our* matters as well as grown folks to tell them about their matters."

"And what are those matters of yours, which are so important that you must have them printed in papers?" returned Mr. White, getting somewhat ironical.

"Why papa, how *can* you ask that, after reading in those Parley's Magazines which Charles borrowed from Mr. Jones, last summer, and which you used to think so interesting. You know they were printed on purpose for children; and we *want* a little paper which we can call our own, and when we have read it, can lay carefully away, and get bound, and then, when we grow up, I am sure we shall take a sight of comfort looking it over and thinking of ourselves as we used to be, just as I love now to look at the little cap and dress that I wore when I was only a bit of a baby, and which dear mama has preserved so carefully for me. O papa! do say yes."

Just here, the minister of the church with which Mr. White was connected, dropped in, who, when he came to learn about Lizzie's request, and what she had urged in its favor, said he thought Lizzie was

about right, and that in truth children's pastimes and employments were fully as important in the arrangements of life as were those of men and women; indeed, he thought that if the preference was to be given to either, he for his part should side with the young folks, because so great a share of one's usefulness and happiness in after life depends on the habits and temper of mind in youth, and he thought that the best way to make happy old people is to make happy young people; and moreover, his opinion was, that wherever a land can be found in which the young are intelligent and happy, that land will be abounding in all prosperity, for all classes and ages.

These, to be sure, were only the minister's opinions, yet Mr. White thought they were very good, and so he told Lizzie he would keep watch, and if he should see a youth's paper or magazine that he thought would be suitable, he would subscribe for it. Whether he has ever come across one to his mind, we have not found out, but we have a trembling hope that we may yet have the pleasure of reading from our subscription list the name of LIZZIE WHITE.



MAN with a red face, and looking rather shabby, called at a house in the country on Sunday, and asked for a drink of cider. The good lady of the house refused, telling him that she would not. He urged, telling her that she had better, for some persons had entertained angels unawares. "Yes" said, she, "I know that; but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sunday."



Sports and Pastimes.

The Snow Statue.

MAKING a snow statue forms a capital amusement for boys, when the fields "put on their winter's robe of purest white," and the icicles hang glistening from the eaves. In order to amass snow enough for the purpose, it should be swept up into one spot, or else a large snow-ball should be made, and rolled about until it becomes so large that it is impossible to move it. This preparatory step being taken, the figure should next be cut out, and rounded and shaped as neatly as possible, and if the artificers possess ingenuity enough to make it look something like a *man* and not a *heap* of snow, so much the better. It is usual for the modellers, when the figure is finished, to retire to a little distance and demolish their handiwork, after taking so much trouble, by pelting at it with snow-balls.

An excellent game is likewise afforded by one party making fortifications of snow, ensconcing themselves therein, and

repelling the attacks of another party, who use their utmost efforts to drive them from their works, by pelting them vigorously with snow-balls; the besieged, of course, returning the shower of balls as rapidly and dexterously as they can. The young artillerymen must take care when kneading the snow-balls not to press them too tightly, as by so doing they become very hard, and when thrown with force, cause great pain to the unlucky wights who may happen to stand in their way.

It is related of Napoleon Bonaparte, that when a youth receiving his education at the Military school at Brienne, he and his companions used to amuse themselves by raising snow fortifications. The modes of attacking these mimic citadels, were regulated entirely by him, and the skill and ingenuity he displayed attracted great attention.

In doing what we ought, we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.

Editor's Table.

The New Year.

NEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—The New Year, a season most ardently looked forward to by the young, is once more with us; and in all truth and sincerity we wish it may be a happy one to you. May you be happy in the enjoyment of bright and rational anticipations of good things to come; happy in all your associations, pastimes and sports, and happy in all your hopes and aspirations.

If it be true that in this life you have guardian angels to attend you, may they spread broad their wings of protection over you, that at home or by the way, you may be secure from open temptations without and from secret temptations within; secure in all places from all ill. Be that as it may, it is indeed certain that your Heavenly Father is watching over you, constantly; may you receive from Him that sure protection and that abundance of good which He only, of all beings, can bestow.

But, dear young friends—can you look toward the future, in hopeful anticipations of happiness, without so much as one sincere desire to please Him who alone can make the future fruitful in happiness, or to make at least a few, among the many surrounding you, the better for your being in their midst? We trust that you do not; but if you are looking thus into the future, beware! lest that future frown upon you by an overwhelming flood of disappointments and sorrows! Be hopeful, as you may, but be true and earnest.

Be good, love God, search the Scrip-

tures; and then we have no fear but you will surely be as happy as you could wish, and your future lives be as a river flowing gently and unceasingly on into a boundless ocean of neverending peace and glory.

WRITE FOR THE CASKET.—We most earnestly invite our young friends to write for the CASKET. No matter what you write, so that it be interesting to those of your age, and carefully written. The CASKET is for you, and we wish you to aid us with your pen. We should consider it as a favor.

Those who send communications to us by mail, must be sure to send them *post-paid*. Send us enigmas, charades, puzzles, or any thing about your sports and pastimes. But please to send us something. And we extend this invitation to all, young or old, who are in the habit of writing.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—It is before you, though in consequence of a long spell of sickness, it is late. For the same reason together with a slight miscalculation as to space we have not given you so great a variety of subjects as we intended. However we have now got so good a start that we think we shall find no difficulty in making all future numbers about right. We feel sure that at all events no future number will be less acceptable to you than the present.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CASKET.—Even though you are already receiving some other Juvenile periodical we hope you will not pass by the CASKET. In a family where there are a number of children a variety would be pleasant. It is only FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.